THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1704.

Original Poetry.

LIFE'S CHANGES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When one my child shall be,
Whom one my child shall love,
Who clustered round my hearth at eve,
Or chattered on my knee?

I miss my boys, my laughing boys,
With hoop, and ball, and bat;
And their gentle sister with her doll;
Where are they all to-night?

By yonder lamp, two full grown men
Sit reading, at the west,
While a lofty tear the window sings
Low tones to her guitar.

All, all are here, not one as yet
Hath left the old roof tree;
But what a change her talent plays
In these my children there!

I mourn not that my eyes grow dim,
Nor that my locks are gray,
For I grieve but I no more shall hear
My children at their play.

AUNT ALICE.

Original Novelet.

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HERMION HEMMETT,

AUTHOR OF "VIOLA," "CLARA MORELAND," "FOREST WILL," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "KATE CLARENDON," "TRAITOR," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CAPTURE.

"Great Heaven!" cried Gertrude, as soon as she could speak; her voice trembling, "where is Major Hargrave?"

"He's dead," answered Gilbe; "the first gun you heard sent a bullet through his brain."

"Oh, God!" was the only response of the poor girl, as she staggered to a seat, and sunk down, in hopeless despair; while Aunt Chloe and the children, with many cries of grief and terror, ran distractedly about the room, not knowing what to do.

"Will ye only quit a-kittle the start on us," said Gilbe, compressing his lips and knitting his brows, as he succeeded to lead his rifle.

All had now become comparatively quiet outside—that is, for the time being at least. Presently there was a rush against the door; but though every timber creaked, it did not give way.

"Try it agin, you yelling devils!" said Gilbe; and the assault began in good earnest. Much good was it to them, after what's happened," replied the woodsman.

"Now they sometimes take prisoners, do they not?"

"Sometimes they does, Miss Gertrude: but who wants to be a captive to them—hey? I've been among 'em, and traded among 'em, and that's all I ever did with 'em. Now, see—me, if I'd like to be their prisoner, and git roasted over a fire like Nic. Nine, old Tomahawk Gilbe 'ud rayther die game, and lose his hair at once."

"But I think you can escape, Mr. Gilbe."

Gilbe looked at the girl reflectively, as if he doubted her sanity.

"What ne?" he said: "escape? I'd jest like to know how?"

The Indians are probably by this time all in the enclosure."

"Well, yes—rayther."

"There is the chimney. Perhaps you might climb up inside, and, by a good leap, clear the palisades, without being seen?"

"By jumpers! you've explained the hunter—I believe it mought be done, that's a fact. Well, wall—who'd a thought a gal fresh from the settlements could have invented such a idee as that, at such a time as this?"

"Quick! there—hear the trial—and may God save you from harm!"

"No, I won't—but I will remain here."

"And you 'spect I'll desart to save my life, Miss Gertrude? If I do, may I—"

"You do not understand me," interrupted Gertrude, breathless with excitement. "I am more safe, believe me, than you. Go, quick, and we are taken prisoners, perhaps you will be able to save a portion of the fort."

Gilbe, in his admiration of the fair speaker, tipped out a tremendous oath.

"I say, gal—Miss Gertrude, I mean," he replied; "if you don't let some good looking borderer make a fit o' you, I'm a fool, that's nature's intention."

At this moment there came another and more tremendous rush against the door—but still the fastenings held it.

"There, quick! fly!" cried Gertrude; "or you will be too late—and my only hope lies in your escape."

"I'll go," said Gilbe; "for that's no telling but I may do you a service; and though I'd make up my mind to die, I'd jest as lief live a hundred years as not. You won't come with me?"

"No! no! I would not desert these poor helpless children if I could."

"Ah!" sighed Gilbe; "and Gilbe, looking round: "I'd s'hoot forgot them. Four little things!"

"Fly, then, to save them! you are losing time! and every moment is so precious."

"But if that's not so'thing to distart their attention, then I'm a fool. Wall, I'm started, Gertrood Gilbe, speaking hurriedly. "Ha! I have it! remember the 'Wild Rose' and keep up your courage, particularly at the last moment, and you'll be safe!" and he darted out of the room, and nearly, however, into the arms of a powerful Indian, who was just about to enter.

"Ugh!" was the only exclamation of the savage, as he sprang back, and with a yell, discharged his rifle, which he had doubtless missed in carry with him. Gertrude, nerved by a high purpose, sat rendered passive by extreme desperation, quietly placed her finger on the trigger, and, turning her eye in the proper direction, quickly drew and listened for the hunter's signal. She fancied she could hear him clambering up the logs; but there were so many other sounds, without and within, that she was not certain; and she much feared she might not hear it, even if it did discharge its piece at the proper moment.

At length, as if all had suddenly been made aware that something unusual was taking place, every sound became hushed; and even the children, huddled together in a corner with Aunt Chloe, scarcely seemed to breathe. With palpitating heart, our fair heroine now crouched for the signal of Gilbe; but, instead, there burst forth, instantaneously, that peculiar whoop by which the savage announces an unexpected triumph in the capture of an enemy. This was accompanied, or followed, by a volley of rifle, aided by what appeared to Gertrude to be a confusion of words, as if several were speaking at once. Believing the hunter had been discovered and taken, she was about to put aside the musket, when she heard him pronounce her name.

"Well!" answered Gertrude.

"I think they've got the 'simple teller,'" replied Gilbe; "leastways they've got so thing, and now's our time. One moment, gal—git ready. Now then—all right—fire!"

Gertrude pulled the trigger; and the musket, springing back by the discharge, fell from her hands to the ground. But the effect of this upon the savages was exactly the reverse of what had been expected. Instead of the door being increased by the report of the piece, it was, apparently, greatly astonished at hearing itself answered from within.

"Oh, me—not alone, Mistress Gerty—there many Indians around me, as you see."

"Then I think, Mistress Gerty," he said, close under the window, "if you had some kind of door and surrender: for several Indians have come to collect dry wood, and this time I shall be compelled to put out their fire."

"Is Heaven's name! are you alone?" inquired Gertrude, greatly astonished at hearing herself thus addressed.

"Oh, me—not alone, Mistress Gerty—there many Indians around me, as you see."

"Then I think, Mistress Gerty," he said, close under the window, "if you had some kind of door and surrender: for several Indians have come to collect dry wood, and this time I shall be compelled to put out their fire."

"In

drunkenness—the last required to be inculcated under existing circumstances being the habit of wine, and in which the number of gourmets of the highest order is the slightest number of all.

But all the while that Madame de Simplerville was in the country, she was not idle, but employed the time to the best advantage. Not to mention the fact that she was in the habit of taking a walk every day, and that the walks were always beautiful and full of delightful shade, she was also in the habit of reading. Reading for the purpose of the regulation, the strengthening of the memory, and the cultivation of the mind. Madame de Simplerville was blind to such a degree that he had not a moment to enjoy the sunlight. He was reduced to the state of an automaton. Nevertheless, an observer might have remarked that he occasionally groped his path and looked through space, when he heard people about him say, "What a lucky fellow is M. de Simplerville! What a capital thing it is to have a large fortune!" The truth is, that he often mentioned to himself, "What do the dunces say I [illegible] about, for I pay into those horrid lotteries!"

II.

One day, M. de Simplerville said to Madame, "I am harassed—worn out—morally as well as physically. And I feel that I want to be sent out to grass, country like an old broken-down mohican! Ah, if I could only go into the country!"

"Good Heavens! I ought to have thought of that!" exclaimed Madame with great energy. "The idea never entered my head, and it is Easter week already, the fashionable time for departing! But it is impossible to go now, and filling in mind."

His wife made the discovery, and the negotiation of a country seat on the banks of the Marne, finished by Beer pepper-box turrets, and known as the Chateau de la Jobardiere, which gave her the right of henceforth styling herself Madame Simplerville de la Jobardiere. A gleam of joy illumined M. de Simplerville's iron-bound countenance.

"I shall get a little sun, at last!" he said, stretching himself in delight on the cushions of the carriage which bore him in his new domain.

But, alas! he must have been made of very primitive materials, if he fancied that people with sixty thousand francs a-year go into the country to breathe the morning air, to loll on the grass in the accurate shade, to live at their ease, and go to bed early—in one word, to resemble cabbages. The Chateau de la Jobardiere de la Jobardiere, she was richly endowed with every instrument of gentility, and understood the principles of country life quite as well as she did the routine of life in town. Her husband, as usual, was obliged to confess. As soon as they got there, there was a round of calls to make on all the neighbors, to present them to come and augment by their presence the pleasure they anticipated from their country residence. Her next care was to institute that similar invitations had been given to all their Paris acquaintances. In a very few minutes, the Chateau de la Jobardiere became the general rendezvous for girls looking out for husbands, young men sharp-set after well-put-up tiffins, the male and female relations of the aforesaid, with multitudinous crowds of gentlemen who, with a very small income of their own, manage to taste at other people's homes all the enjoyments which wealth can procure.

Now, in the midst of such a rabble as this, let us just see what was the kind of repose permitted to poor M. de Simplerville de la Jobardiere. In the morning, he had to gather and arrange bouquets for all the ladies, new and old maids. When out for a walk, the shrivelled ladies hugged him to their sides for their hats and shawls, converting him into a sort of walking clothes-press. Every day he had regularly to travel four or five leagues, to obtain a husband that he would have to do without his wife for a week; in beg a mother's permission to rob her of her daughter; to act the sheriff's officer, and summoned and bring back, living or dead, the husbands mad or idle enough to be without whose presence every fishing party would end without a bite, every pic-nic would be spoiled by a shower, every dinner would turn out as dull and silent as a funeral entertainment. Two days, perhaps, were passed in inquiry what the servants were doing at the Chateau de la Jobardiere. But their management, though far too great in town, was utterly insufficient in the country. They had to wait upon twenty, thirty, and twelf persons at a time. Consequently, what they were unable to perform, fell to the lot of M. de Simplerville de la Jobardiere, who, consequently, was the least servant at his own establishment, and by far the hardest worked of any. Cheer did sometimes leave him a few moments of liberty, which he employed in walking or reading in the park, the garden, or the orchard, in order to put a little restraint on his countless visitors, who roamed from place to place and ripening fruits with no more pity than a swarm of locusts.

"What could I be thinking of, gracious goodness, when I put into those horrid lotteries!" was the unceasing exclamation uttered from morning till night by M. de Simplerville de la Jobardiere.

One day—one full day!—it rained. The company were assembled in the drawing-room, and were darning the menace of betting with the last remembrance which had wasted beings in country quarters. Some one proposed private theatricals—a sheet of delight received the motion. The very next day they went to work. To M. de Simplerville de la Jobardiere was assigned the task of erecting the stage, painting the decorations, arranging the seats, and the mode of lighting. He was to be engaged in round-hand text, to serve the eye sight of the various actors. He was chosen architect and magician in the endless theatres which "Paris is sure to inspire, in little theatres as well as in grand ones. And heavier than he had to undergo, stupid part, which, it was unanimously decided, he alone was capable of filling.

It was too much! For some time past the offensive had been full; nothing now could hinder the wound from closing.

In the middle of a dark night, during which he saw dancing before his eyes a medley of lamprons, hats, shawls, benches, chandeliers and lamps, all performing a sort of witch-like dance, M. de Simplerville de la Jobardiere suddenly jumped out of bed, stole out of the ch teau with nothing on but his shirt and his clothes slightly crossed the park, made straight for the open country, with his arms folded, his head resting on his breast in the fashion of the ancient pair who bundling tragedians delight to imitate. After devoting a considerable time to this gymnastic but wickedly exercise, he reached the first of a lofty mountain. Then he climbed from rock to rock, sometimes maintaining the same pace and attitude. Arrived at the summit, he bowed himself on the edge of a precipice, whose depth it was impossible for eye to fathom. He hailed a monument, turned his head, planted a kiss on the cold stone behind him, and, with a loud yell, cast himself headlong into the abyss!

XI.

At night wblock next morning the sensation was the playing on the white costume of her bed, when Madame Simple ad up and down in about her: "Old donky darling!" said she, inquisitively.

Monsieur Simple stretched out first one arm and then the other.

"What can my pet, make bone and wake—who we shall be too late to see the monkey's let out!"

M. Simple raised his eyes, looked first at his wife, then at the bed, and then at the door of the chamber. Everything was in its same state: the pair of curtains coming in their cage, Pyrame grunting at his mistress's feet, and Mimette curiously stretched upon his own stomach. An idea presented itself to his mind.

"Ah!" which a man utters when he feels his bosom relieved of a heavy load. M. Simple discovered with perfect joy that he had been the victim of a frightful nightmare!

"Oh, yes Goody," he said, jumping to his pantoons, "let us go and see the monkeys; and to night we will play our game of lotto. Happiness lies in peace and comfort, mussi, and not in the plagues and worries of wealth. Preserve me from such another dream!"—*Sunday Times.*

UNPLEASANT PREDICAMENT.—The Forrest City *Democrat* tells the following good one of a Cleveland galoot:

"A young gent, an acquaintance of ours, was, a few evenings since, in company with a young lady of fashion, making a specimen of that staple known as love, when suddenly, and without knowing or how, he stopped the venerable parent of the lady. This unexpected appearance of an intruder, caused the young man any amount of confusion, although he was not aware that he stood in the presence of his intended father-in-law, never young had the misfortune of seeing the author of his idol before. The lady, no sooner as she could recover her composure, turned a general smirk upon the door, and said: 'Mr. B——, this is my pa.' The latter, grasping the hand of the old man, and bowing exceedingly, retorted: 'How do you do, *Mr. Pa?*' The old man, seeing the embarrassment of both, left the room instantly, as he said, '*My dear*, do take care of that young fool.'"

☞ Artificial cooking is permitted by law, but under the severest restrictions: the dentists are employed, on the severest penalties, to detect and put up their swords at the desire of a *grator*, a nonsa or a knight.

Our Correspondents

OLD WORLD SKETCHES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY THE REV. JAMES C. RICHMOND.

Valley of the Rhone, Lyon.

MY DEAR C——:

Our journey from Geneva to this city was delightful enough, there was found a most genial host and beautiful scenery, to the flesh of Kuleyn. The hotel lies in the widest and most sunny part of the Rhone valley, and at this season, when that I could not avoid the conclusion that Providence had ordained an entire change in the order of ordinary healthy mortals, or they never could reach the site of the healing waters. Those invalids, whose appetite never knew what it was to desert them, whose digestion was more than their strength, but of their reputation, chiefly because there is a new hotel, and the fame of this table has spread to all the civilized world. For you must not imagine that the invalids of every nation and of Germany are chiefly visited by people in search of health. The wealthy resort to it during certain months in the year, and the tables, like an old-fashioned dowager, hills more than the wagon ever. Hence the preparation for the kitchen are made with carefully made than those for the bedding—the latter are often supplied with regulation wooden into, and the damp corridors often remind one of those large public washing-houses which may be seen in various parts of Europe. The sight of these baths would cure, in most cases, any complaint imaginable to man, and, moreover, therefore, at no moment to that last, into which a stream of living water is led from the hills, and which is supplied with fresh water, is crowded at all the time, and thus prevent condition.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Any one who sends Ten Dollars should be procured, if possible—the cost of transmission will be less in proportion.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them boil to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will find a notice and no new here to-day. Subscriptions, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be particular to give the name of the State, as well as the City or Town in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office to which they desire it sent.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; for if they do not feel inclined to take part of our liberal offers themselves, that they will give us their influence in other substantial and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our contributors will be the following brilliant array of writers—with all of whom positive arrangements have been made:

Mrs. Southworth, Rosanna Bennett, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Denison and Fanny Fern.

We are now publishing, according to promise, the original novelet of

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Written expressly for the Post, by **Ezekiel Bennett, author of "Viola," "Ella Norman," and "The Forged Will," &c.** Each number, containing the opening of the story, will be sent to new subscribers until further notice.

The novelet we design following it, will be called

THE STEP MOTHER,

By Mrs. Rose A. Denison, author of "Home Pictures, numerous Domestic Sketches, &c.

We also have the promise of a number of

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD,

Whose brilliant pen will be almost exclusively devoted to the Post and her own little paper for children.

We have made arrangements also for a series of articles from a new star in the literary horizon,—whose mistellicions have been hailed with delight by thousands. They will be entitled a

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES.

BY FANNY FERN.

Mrs. Southworth, whose fascinating works are being rapidly republished in all parts of the country, will add pleasant connection with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled,

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER:

OR, THE FATAL VOW.

In addition to the above splendid array of Novelets and Sketches—we have made arrangements for the usual supply of Foreign Correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM DEMARARA, by MRS. DENISON, descriptive of the manners, customs, scenery, &c., of British Guiana. Mrs. Denison, American Consul to British Guiana, also has promised us some letters descriptive of that portion of the South American world.

Engravings, Choice Selections, Agricultural Articles, the News, Commercial Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

Some of the above novelettes, including a large portion of money, we feel emboldened in asking a continuance of that warm and hearty support which we have received from our readers in years past. It needs but a proper recommendation of the Post to neighbors and friends, to swell up our list during the coming year, to the goodly total of one hundred thousand subscribers. With less than that number we are resolved now not to be satisfied.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. K. W. No. Of the same original stock, but another locality.

LAW DOCTORS.

We understand that, at the annual commencement of Jefferson Medical College, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Judge Woodward, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

We think this most decisions, so the will deny—and doubtless Judge Woodward would be a very proper man to act as physician and counsellor to a sick man. But if they should be factored, would not the loss of the lawyers more than counterbalance that of the doctors? In one dance all the operations of the barber are imitated, even to the ancient and idle habit of flourishing the razor, and of the antiquity of these grotesque mountebank performances. Mysterious as are the isolated idea of some of the thousand evolutions which depended upon the gymnastic skill of the performers. But I should not be able to describe the pride which the young peasants manifested, were the ladies pulled to their seats. In the meantime, the pallant peasant, in pursuit of his whirling lass, bends time on the floor with his boots, or strikes his thighs and his calloused feet to a kind of rude harmony; and sometimes, when the dance requires more coolness, he changes sides, dancing upside down, and with his head on the floor, as it were by chance.

Since the days when we paid our respects to the Queen of the Adriatic, we have not seen the Rhone valley in its present splendor. Then the fields were in the midst of their abundant verdure, and the vines were not yet in bloom. Now the harvest is ripening, and the vintage is at hand. Then the traveller was obliged to take refuge in the cities, because the inhabitants of the country were afraid to venture beyond the walls, for fear of the banditti. Now the country is alive with people, and the fields are filled with laborers. Then the roads were deserted, and the inns were empty. Now the roads are crowded with travellers, and the inns are filled to overflowing. Then the people were in a state of consternation and alarm. Now they are in a state of confidence and joy. Then the people were in a state of consternation and alarm. Now they are in a state of confidence and joy. Then the people were in a state of consternation and alarm. Now they are in a state of confidence and joy.

The 16th article of the Massachusetts bill of rights, declares that "every subject has a right to his property; and it is the duty of every citizen and reliance of his person, his house, his property, and all his possessions." And the Fugitive Slave Law is said to violate this right of the citizens, for the following reasons:

1. Because the act does not require the three days' notice to be given to the person whose property they have reason to believe, and do believe, is claimed by the person who has arrested him, and intended for sale by any person named; nor does it require any notice to be given to the person to the township of the person claiming the property, nor the name of any person having the interest to sell the property.

2. It does not limit the officer's authority and right of seizure, to any description of property, (quantity, quality, or marks); nor does it even require the officer to see the property he arrests and seizes, or to know that it is the property he has arrested or to be sold.

3. Again, it the three persons state their belief that any property is claimed by a person and intended for sale, &c., in any store, shop, warehouse, &c., or on any steamboat or other vessel, or in any vehicle, or in any building, the officer is required to seize the property, and then the owner or constable shall proceed to sell the property, &c., at the time and place, and in the manner, and for the purpose specified—and if any questions are raised by the claimant, or by any one in his behalf, touching the seizure, or the right of the person to decide for themselves, as to whether the sacred right of the citizen is to be violated, from constable searches and seizures, would be necessarily impaired by any effective prohibition of the same. If the law is to be enforced in the affirmative, the friends of temperance will have to resort to other and less effective means of accomplishing this hydra-headed monster, which is now making such havoc with the liberties of the people.

THE BLACK WARRIOR CASE.—If we may trust certain reports from Havana, the authorities of Cuba are already sensible that they acted rashly and unadvisedly in the seizure and sale of the Black Warrior. The N. Y. Times says—

"We learn from a private source, entitled to full credit, that the course of law and of justice have decided against the legality of the action of the Cuban authorities in detaining the cargo of the Black Warrior. The ground taken is, that the circumstances do not justify the seizure, and the right of altering his manifest at any time before the vessel's papers are cleared, and within the time allowed. If this be the fact, full will be settled without any difficulty. The Black Warrior will be released, the illegal, indemnification to the owners of the steamer will be made, and all will remain exactly as it was previously."

AID TO THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE SARATOGA AND WASHINGTON.—It will occur upon this point: Did the owners and captain of the Black Warrior, suppose that the cargo of that vessel had been changed, relative to the mode required of making entries at the custom house? We regard the fact that, in case of the seizure of the Black Warrior, under the old rule that "ignorance of the law excuses no one," the owners of the vessel would have been subjected to the penalty of the law, consistent either with commercial policy or national sanity.

It is probable, to say the least, that the cargo of the Black Warrior was taken possession of, because the officers of the custom house were required to be landed on the coast, were considered within the bates of cotton. If this were the case, the owners are bound to some to promote the owners for the results of their ignorance.

It is understood that a special messenger has been dispatched to Madrid by the Administration, to demand reparation for the illegal seizure, also the establishment of a tribunal at Cuba, before which the owners may have an appeal in cases, so as to supersede, henceforth, the necessity of seeking redress of grievances at so great a distance as Madrid. The rights of those of this last demand depends somewhat upon the views entertained by the Queen of England, France, Denmark, and other powers possessing distant colonies, antecedent on the spot to settle such matters. We believe it, but are not certain upon this very important point.

As to these disputes with Spain at Cuba, there is no doubt that the Administration will be short of authorizing Soutenarong, or of declaring war. Such a line is unnecessary at the present time. If my neighbor will not treat me with as much politeness as he does others—because I am a republican—I will not go to war with him, but will treat him in a courteous and independently unobjectionable manner, that I am bound to treat him with respect. If he chooses to be impolite, to some way, at some time or other—I can refrain from visiting him any more. Spain has treated us with the most unjustifiable insolence in every port of the world, and we have not declared war. Why should we? Because we have not been so much remember she has not had the advantages of a pious and republican education in her youth.

THE FORTUNE STAKES CONTRADICTION.—Our readers will remember the fabulous contradiction of said Fortune Stamps, made in England, a year or two ago, which for the moment, set the young lady whose father threatened to immure her in a convent. She did not have a million of such stamps by a certain time. We are inclined to think all the young lady and her friends have to say on the subject of the marriage; but the accumulation of said stamps was a fact, however. An English authority, now before us, says—

In a short time the lady began to receive packages of great and startling from every quarter, which poured in at such numbers, that in a few days the whole house was filled with packages of stamps. The washing postman, who was in the habit of bringing the linen, inquired of the mansion where the lady resided, because so many letters were arriving addressed to Queen's house, that it was necessary to employ several cars to carry the valuable parcels. It seven ninety and one hundred letters had been received in a single day, and between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and thirty letters in a day, for several days, letters which arrived on other days. Boxes, packages, and letters filled every room, and to such an extent that it became necessary to hire a large house for the accommodation of the needed circulars, that it was urgently desired that the lady should be at the house on every side. The rooms in each house were completely filled, and the hundreds of letters overboard, which she could not afford—elegantly furnished.

Besides these dwellings above three stories in height, save the old Dutch palaces—many of them of considerable size—are surrounded by the garden Scriptural, book gloomy enough; since aspiring American structure, which, but for the occasional tree, have been entirely denied of the rest. All are ornamented with broad sculptured cornices, and frequently extending all around the house—and covered with rich vines and flowers like mine.

The people are quiet and sumptuous: The head-like streets, wide, and in nearly every instance paved with brick, and kept in the most perfect order. The streets of this description, or canal, grass and flowers grow luxuriantly, and the boundaries of all are well bordered *just* in width, and as I write, I behold on every side, the branching, bedding flowers of the poppy, and the luxuriance of the cane foliage of the mahogany tree. I forgot to say above, that the streets on either side of the canal, are graded and covered with a compound of lime and shells, so that they are as compact, smooth and even as any to any large and good house. On every side fat kinds of good, plentiful and cheap. Fruits among the branches—and the pretty "Wash O Dee"—delicate his nose came from watering the night, luscious cried meat, and more delicious fish.

How many a man is frozen pig! But the thermo his head of pulse every, Like Egypt's unseen Queen, who quaffed Her pearl-dissolving draught, Cleopatra-like, I quaff to thee!

—*N. Y. Correspondent of Cincinnati Gazette.*

☞ Among many vestiges of the ancient Saxon disbelief and idiom, we receive a small piece of silver by the night, as did the ancient Saxons, and by the night, and hence a night's or fourteen nights' leave, are both of Saxon origin, and in use in modern colloquialism of time.

☞ Young gentlemen who dress in tight pants, should not be too much concerned for the politics of "Shanghai."

☞ In London, there is one hundred and twenty ragged schools, which include nearly fourteen thousand scholars, taught by two hundred and twenty-one paid, and eighteen hundred voluntary teachers.

☞ It is stated that it was, and probably still is, a popular belief in Persia, that when one is quitting his house to begin a journey, the first thing he encounters should be a dog. If this be a cat, he returns home, and if a man, he sets out, believing that he will meet with success.

☞ The Pittsburgh Gazette says that the Pennsylvania Railroad will be completed and open for travel from Pittsburgh to Harrisburg on or before the 1st of August next.

☞ The Nebraska Legislature in Nebraska Territory is very large. The St. Louis Republican says that the Council consists of thirteen members, and the House of twenty-six. It is believed in that city, on their way to that territory to locate, that there will be no room for them, as they are all there, in the country the emigrants to that territory.

The French army in the East is to receive 100,000 new muskets, of the latest invention. The Minister, in explaining the necessary loan of 170,000,000 francs, stated that the Russians are fighting against all the forces of Western Europe now in the East, and that the struggle is a most serious one.

☞ DESTROYED FOR NEWSPAPERS.—A project is on foot in New York, to fit up rooms for the reception of the poor, in which the bodies of the insane have been stationed in the time build-ing. The Tribune says that the rooms are lodging. Plans are arranged for a system of ventilation, and the rooms will be properly provided for their meetings. The charge no lodging will be five cents per night.

☞ The Scientific American contains a letter from New Orleans. The inhabitants of that city have petitioned the Legislature to grant them the right to construct a railroad from the Mississippi river to the Atlantic ocean, by the most practicable route. The petitioners propose to run the road over the Pontchartrain Railroad, which is the only railroad in the world which is built entirely upon piles. The Pontchartrain Railroad is twenty-four miles long, and cost $1,000,000. The petitioners propose to construct the road over the Pontchartrain Railroad, and then to the Atlantic ocean, by the most practicable route. The petitioners propose to construct the road over the Pontchartrain Railroad, and then to the Atlantic ocean, by the most practicable route

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 13th, Messrs. Foot, Seward and Toucey presented a large number of petitions against the Nebraska Bill—one of them in the German language, from New York.

Messrs. Seward, Toucey and Sumner presented remonstrances against the ratification of the Copyright Treaty.

Mr. Seward presented the petition of the tobacconists of New York, praying that a duty of 40 per cent. be imposed on imported segars.

Mr. Fish presented memorials praying for a grant of land to aid New York in constructing a ship canal around the Falls of Niagara, and moved that they be referred to the Committee on Commerce.

After discussion, Mr. Seward moved it be laid on the table. Lost, ayes 16, nays 29.

Messrs. Dodge, of Iowa, Fish, Douglas, and Stuart continued the debate, and then the memorials were referred to the Committee on Commerce.

Mr. Everett presented remonstrances of thirty towns in Massachusetts against the Nebraska Bill.

Mr. Fish presented the memorial of Bishop Wainwright and other clergymen of New York against the same.

Mr. Everett presented the memorial of Lieutenant Maury on behalf of the Memphis Convention, in favor of the adoption of measures to open the navigation of the Amazon to the world.

The Chair laid before the Senate a Message from the President communicating the correspondence of 1850, between Mr. Schenck, U. S. Minister at Brazil, and the State Department, touching the African Slave Trade.

Mr. Gwin, from the Select Committee, reported a bill providing for the construction of a railroad from the Mississippi Valley to the Pacific Ocean.—He said the committee had other matters before it, and this bill was only to be considered a report in part. It was then made the special order for Monday, the 27th inst.

The following is the substance of the bill:

That a good, first-class railroad, with two or more tracks, having rails weighing not less than seventy pounds to the yard, shall be constructed through the territories of the United States, from some point on the western boundary of some one of the Atlantic States, west of the Mississippi River, to some point on the eastern border of California. The location of the initial points and route to be fixed by the company or individual contracting for the construction [illegible]

[illegible]

way to quiet agitation to condemn those who memorialized and protested against the Act. If the memorialists harbored [illegible] before the country, the proper mode to pursue was to have the subject referred to the Committee, to have report made of the facts, and then leave the intelligent people of the United States, with the whole facts before them, to judge for themselves. Whether the Nebraska Bill was right or not, was a question on which there was room for difference of opinion. Senators were not in such a high place as to be above the right of the people to inquire into their official acts.

Mr. Mason said the right of all citizens of the United States to petition Congress upon any subject properly before them, was one which he hoped never to see denied. All such memorials should be received and treated with the respect due to them. He hoped never to see the day when the Senate would treat such petitions otherwise. This memorial, however, was of a character different from others. It came from a class of persons who have laid aside the character of American citizens, and address their petition as ministers of the gospel. They petition as ministers of the gospel, and not as citizens. As ministers of the gospel they come here and denounce the action of the Senate in anticipation or after it has taken place. They do not stop there. In their character as ministers they have the temerity to threaten the Senate with the vengeance and judgments of the Almighty, whom they profess to serve. Such language was not respectful coming from any petitioners. But ministers of the gospel, as such, were unknown to the Constitution or to our forms of Government, and God forbid they ever should be known to it. It was the wise policy of our fathers, and it had been the universal desire of the people to keep ministers of the gospel, as such, and the Government as wide apart as possible, and the wisdom of that policy was made manifest to-day by the paper now lying on the table. The history of the world had shown the evils of recognizing ministers of the Gospel as forming any part of our Government. In all countries, and in all times, when vested with power, they proved the most arrogant of all others. On this occasion, they come here, and, in the name of Almighty God, they invoke his vengeance upon us for our action on a political measure. Let three thousand citizens of New England, or three hundred thousand, or all New England come here, and as citizens of the United States, and protest, as is their right, against any legislative action, and their protest will be treated respectfully. But these men do not come here as citizens. They come here as ministers of God—his vicegerents, as the Senator from Texas said, or vicegerents as he probably meant—and as servants of their Divine Master, in His presence and in His name, protest against a great moral wrong which they, as ministers of the Gospel, declare to be committed by an act of this body. He objected to the receipt of a memorial couched in such terms, and professing to speak by any such authority. Without any disrespect to the memorialists, personally, or any disrespect for the cloth, which, to say the least, they do not grace, he moved, as the proper course for the Senate to pursue, that the memorial be not received.

Mr. Douglas—It has already been received.

Mr. Butler said he had always entertained the highest respect for ministers of the Gospel. His respect was so high that he would almost submit to their rebuke for an act performed in his official capacity. But that respect was for them in their appropriate and sacred calling, and when they abandoned their duty, descended from their high position—when they forgot the religion of the Lamb, and mingled with the waters of the turbid pool of political strife, his respect no longer continued. [illegible]

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

General News.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, March 18, 1854.

REMARKS—There has been a fair amount of business doing since our last report, and supplies of Produce have been coming in freely, both from the South and West. There is also an immense amount of merchandise going West by the Pennsylvania Railroad. Cotton has been in moderate demand, and the advance noted last week is well maintained. Breadstuffs have been very dull, and since the receipt of the Arabia's advices, the market has been unsettled, and prices are lower for all descriptions. Bark is held firmly, but the demand for it has been limited. Coal and Iron are unchanged, and there is a good demand for the latter for future delivery. In Fruit there has been more doing. Fish are held firmly. In Hemp and Hides no change. Lead is scarce. In Lumber there has been more activity, and supplies are beginning to arrive more freely. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses have been in fair request at full rates. Naval Stores and Oils are unchanged. In Provisions the transactions have been on a very restricted scale at our last quotations. Rice is rather firmer. Cloverseed is dull. Freights are steady, both to foreign and coastwise ports.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour continue small, but the market has been excessively dull, and since the receipt of the Arabia's advices prices [illegible]

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, MARCH 16.

ASHES—Sales of 20 bbls at $6 for Pots, and $6,75 for Pearls.

COTTON—Firm, ⅛ advance on Monday's quotations. Sales of 2,287 bales, including 32 for export, 300 for home use, and 1,437 on speculation.

FLOUR, &c.—The Flour market, with a moderate business doing, is easier. The export demand is moderate. Sales of 3,400 bbls at $7,18¾a7,37½ for common to good State, and $7,18¾a7,44 for common to good Ohio, and mixed to fancy Michigan. Canadian Flour is quiet at $7,31¼a7,37½. The market for Southern Flour is heavy—sales of 300 bbls at $7,30a7,62½. Small sales of fine Rye Flour were reported at $4,62½a4,75. Corn Meal is plenty and dull at $3,37½ for Jersey.

GRAIN—The Wheat market is without much activity. There is some little export demand. Sales of 1,100 bushels common white Southern at $1,68, and 2,300 prime white Genesee reported at $2. Rye more plenty and lower. Small sales at 95a91, delivered. Some 26,000 bushels were sold by auction to-day, for account of underwriters, at 87c and thereabouts. A good business doing in Corn at prices favoring the purchaser. Sales of 54,000 bushels at 77a80½ for the whole range. Oats plenty, and dull at 49a53c for State and Western.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is unchanged; sales of 450 bbls at $15,50a15 50 for Mess, and $13,12½a13,25 for Prime. Beef steady; sales of 200 bbls at $9a11,50 for country Mess; $14 for repacked Chicago, and $6a8 for country and city Prime. Prime Mess quiet at $21a25. Cut Meats plenty and dull; sales of 75 pkgs Hams at 8c. Lard unchanged; sales of 450 bbls at 9¾a9⅞c. Butter is selling at 11a16c for Ohio, and 14a20 cts for State. Cheese quiet at 10a12c.

WHISKEY—The market is easier; sales of 600 bbls at 27c for Jersey, and 27½a27¾c for Prison.

ALMANAC.

March, 1854.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
25 Saturday,	5 54	6 6	3 39	
26 Sunday,	5 52	6 8	10 31	
27 Monday,	5 51	6 9	11 30	
28 Tuesday,	5 50	6 10	12 3	D. H. M.
29 Wedn'day,	5 48	6 12	12 32	First 6 1 36
30 Thursday,	5 47	6 13	1 37	Full 14 13 42
31 Friday,	5 46	6 14	2 23	Last 21 19 53
1 Saturday,	5 44	6 16	3 9	New 28 11 45

Marriages.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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[illegible]

JOSEPH E. McILHENNEY & SON, DENTISTS, No. 229 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Selected Poetry.

THE LAY OF THE LOWLY.

[Robert Nicoll, a Scotch poet, is remarkable for the unaffected simplicity of his verses. He selects homely themes, but he throws into them the loftiest feelings. The following poem will go home to every heart.]

We are lowly—very lowly,
  Misfortune is our crime;
We have been trodden under foot
  From all recorded time.
A yoke upon our necks is laid,
  A burden to endure;
To suffer is our legacy,
  The portion of the poor!

We are lowly—very lowly,
  And covered from day to day;
Yet we have something of our own
  Power cannot take away.
By tyrants we are toiled to death—
  By cold and hunger killed;
But peace is in our hearts, it speaks
  Of duties all fulfilled!

We are lowly—very lowly,
  Nor house nor land have we,
But there's a heritage for us
  While we have eyes to see.
They cannot hide the lovely stars,
  Words in creation's book,
Although they hold their fields and lanes
  Corrupted by our look!

We are lowly—very lowly,
  And yet the fairest flowers
That by the wayside raise their eyes—
  Thank God they still are ours!
Ours is the streamlet's mellow voice,
  And ours the common dew;
We still dare gaze on hill and plain,
  And field and meadow, too!

We are lowly—very lowly,
  But when the cheerful Spring
Comes forth with flowers upon her feet
  To hear the throstle sing,
Although we dare not seek the shade
  Where haunt the forest deer,
The waving leaves we still can see—
  The hymning birds can hear!

We are lowly—very lowly,
  Our hedgerow paths are gone,
Where woodbines laid their fairy hands
  The hawthorn's breast upon.
Yet slender mercies still are left,
  And Heaven doth endow,
...

Selected Articles.

THE MAN WHO DOES THE WORK AND THE MAN WHO TAKES THE PAY.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

...

GETTING MARRIED.

...

Wit and Humor.

...

The Latest Fashion.

IN FULL BLOOM AND FULL FEATHER.

Very slightly altered from "Le Follet," the Paris Magazine of Fashion.

Miscellaneous.

THERE ARE TWO WAYS TO LIVE ON EARTH.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There are two ways to live on earth,—
  Two ways to judge,—to act,—to view;
For all things here have double birth,—
  A right and wrong,—a false and true!

Give me the home where kindness seeks
  To make that sweet which seemeth small;
Where every lip in fondness speaks,
  And every mind hath care for all.

Whose inmates live in glad exchange
  Of pleasures, free from vain expense;
Whose thoughts beyond their means ne'er range,
  Nor wise denials give offence!

Who in a neighbor's fortune find
  No wish,—no impulse,—to complain;
Who feel not,—never felt,—the mind
  To envy yet another's gain!

Who dream not of the mocking tide
  Ambition's foiled endeavor meets,—
The bitter pangs of wounded pride,
  Nor fallen Power that shuns the streets.

Though Fate deny its glittering store,
  Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;
For all that Gold can purchase more
  Are goods it is no loss to lose!

Some beings, wheresoe'er they go,
  Find nought to please, or to exalt,—
Their constant study but to show
  Perpetual modes of finding fault.

While others, in the ceaseless round
  Of daily wants, and daily care,
Can yet cull flowers from common ground,
  And twice enjoy the joy they *share!*

Oh! happy they who happy make,—
  Who, *blessing*, still themselves are blest!
Who something spare for other's sake,
  And strive, in all things, for the best!

A ROUGH PICTURE FROM LIFE.

It is a fine thing to be a conservative of the benevolent cast. Inheriting a fine old mansion, amid orchards, and gardens, and lawns, and surrounded by old trees, whose mighty arms waved joyfully when he was born, and have discoursed noble music to his ear ever since—the happy, kind, even-minded dreamer dreads all innovation. His nest is snug, and he is afraid to lose a single egg by the hand of thievish innovation. ...

NEW USE OF PLASTER OF PARIS.

...

PARROT TALK.

...

THE CHANT OF THE SNOWDROPS.

...

HOW THE OUTLAWS OF CANDEISH WERE SUBDUED.

...

For the Young.

TRUE RICHES.

...

LIGHT.

...

For Housekeepers.

ENGLISH RECEIPTS.

...

Agricultural.

HOMINY.

...

The Olio.

SONNET.

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure, religion breathing, household laws.

WORDSWORTH.

LOVE—HOW TO SECURE IT.—"I have often contended the attachments between friends and lovers cannot be secured strong, except by the intervention of some interest which is not personal, but which is common to them both, and towards which their attentions and passions are directed with still more animation than even towards each other. If the whole attention is to be directed, and the whole sentimentalism of the heart concentrated on each other; if it is to be an unvaried, *I towards you, and you towards me*, as if each were to the other not an ally or companion joined to pursue happiness, but the very end and object—happiness itself; if it is the circumstance of the reciprocation itself, and not what is reciprocated, that is to supply perennial interest to affection; if it is to be mind still reflecting back the gaze of mind, and reflecting it again, cherub towards cherub, as on the ark, and no luminary or glory between them to supply beams and warmth to both—I foresee that the hopes will disappoint, the plan will fail. Attachment must burn in oxygen, or it will go out; and, by oxygen, I mean a mutual admiration and pursuit of virtue, improve- ...

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

...

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

...

RIDDLE.

...

PROBLEM.

...

CONUNDRUMS.

...

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

...